A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, June 14. 1711.

PEACE is now all the Discourse of the Town, what Ground we have for it I confess I don't see; I wish we had more Peace at Home, to satisfy those that make it a Question, whether we are qualify'd to receive Peace Abroad or no; For I cannot but be of this Opinion, that Peace Abroad will but undo us, unless we have Peace at Home — And I confess I do not see that Inclination to the first among us.

This Thought run so strong upon me, and I think with so much Reason, that my Pen (like a Horse put on to a full Trot runs out into a Gallop) burst out into Rhyme by the very force of it.

I have, *tho' it is not my ordinary method in this Paper*, given you a few wild Notes upon the Subject, being but a small part of what I had to say; but I am loth to load you with too much Jingle. —

The

The Subject however Ironically handled here, is too true a Jeſt, and indeed a ſerious Truth: It is Peace at Home we want, perhaps if we had had it long ago, we had not wanted Peace Abroad now; while we have Peace at Home no Nation will care to make War with Us; while we want Peace at Home, no Nation will care to make Peace with Us.

While we are without Peace at Home we alſo want War Abroad; while we have Peace Abroad, we ſhall be undone if we have no Peace at Home.

WHO can from Satyrs juſt Reflection ceaſe,
And ſee his Native Land undone by PEACE;
Can keeep his Temper or with patience bear,
To hear our nauſeous Wits blaſpheme the War;
Of Treaties and Preliminaries boaſt,
And PEACE, *of which we cannot pay the Coſt?*

Peace! Heaven protect Us! *What do we pretend?*
Who muſt we fight with, if theſe Wars ſhould End?
How muſt the Genius of the Nation live,
And all our Hot-Blood Manufactures *thrive?*
The Name of Engliſh-man *will quickly dye,*
Should the uneaſie Fountain once run dry:
For Feuds our Pulſe *and circulating Strife,*
Supplies the Vital Heat and feeds the Nations Life;
'Tis Death to Engliſh-men *to live at eaſe,*
We never yet knew what to do with PEACE.

Our Prieſts *indeed in Politicks profound,*
In Goſpel Right, *in Government* Unſound;
To Heaven for PEACE *in blind Devotion cry,*
They'd be undone, *if Heav'n ſhould not deny.*

The People, *by the like Deluſion led,*
With painted hopes of PEACE, with Plenty fed:

Keep

Keep Faſts and ſolemn Days throughout the Land,
And pray for what they do not underſtand.

Happy for Us, *it Heaven's Determin'd Grant,*
Which gives, *not what we aſk,* but what we want;
For ſuch *is Humane Nature's Impotence,*
Such *the dark Views of our contracted Sence;*
That blinded Men their Maker importune,
For what, ſhould Heaven but grant, *they'd be undone;*
To ſee the ſupplicating Nation come,
For Peace Abroad, *before we've* Peace at Home;
Is juſt the Tale of Adonijah's *Wife,*
The Purchaſe Gawdy, *and the Price* his Life.

It is confeſs'd, it is a hard Caſe that we have been fighting Abroad theſe 22 Years, and yet cannot refrain fighting at Home too; as if quarrelling were both our Food and our Phyſick—For my part, the firſt Man that I find has any hand in, ſo much as beating the *French* into Peace, or treating with them for a Peace, I am reſolv'd, if I have any Spears and Daggers left, I'll write a Satyr upon him; let him be the greateſt and beſt Man alive, he muſt certainly be mad when he goes about ſuch a prepoſterous Work.

But let me ſee the Man, that will either beat us, or treat us, or entreat us into Peace at Home—*Et erit mihi magnus Apollo*; I'll rummage all the Remains of Panegyrick I can think of, to exalt him above his Neighbours. This is the thing we want, this is the thing, the want of which cruſhes us down, lays us under the Feet and the Yoke of our Enemies, and which till we can obtain, we can never expect to bear any Figure among the reſt of the Nations of the World.

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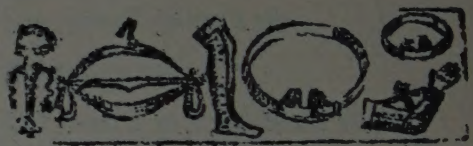

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